K
George I. King — Alexander
9
Pam. 68

THE TRAGE-COMEDY,

ACTED

By the late Miniſtry:

OR AN

ANSWER

TO

A Scandalous Pamphlet,

ENTITUL'D,

A Defence of the King.

Let us but obſerve the wonderful activity of ſome Men, in Things not at all within their Sphere, what pretty Stories they whiſper into the Ears of their Familiars! — And are always ſcattering dark and miſchievous Rumours among the People. Luke Milbourn's 31*ſt of* January *Sermon*, Page 22.

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THE

TRAGE-COMEDY,

ACTED BY

The late Miniſtry, &c.

CUrioſity, whoſe Temptation I could not poſſibly reſiſt,
Led me the other Day to viſit a certain Coffee-Houſe in *Wild-ſtreet*, the uſual Rendezvous of *Jacobites*, *Popiſh-Prieſts*, and *Non-Jurors*.
At my firſt Entrance,
I perceiv'd the Room to be pretty much crowded;

And the better to cloak my Design, and
pass undiscover'd,
I mingled among the Herd.
Observing that most of the Company did
Listen (*Erectis Auribus*) with Asses Ears,
To to the Braying of a Capuchine Fryar,
I hedged in as near as I judged it conve-
nient;
But came not too close,
Lest they might have taken Umbrage
thereat.
His Speech seem'd to be very incoherent,
— *Planet*—*Malevolent Aspect*— *Jesu Maria!*
—To be killed by an Heretick, *Hd-Park*
— The only Person that cou'd be sent
Ambassador
— For our Purpose — Catholick in his
Heart— Truly Loyal to ——
I quickly began to smell a Rat,
And advancing somewhat nearer, hear'd
him proceed after this manner,
—Retreived by—Lord *Harry*'s first Jour-
ney to *Parris* — Supt with him in pri-
vate—Kissed his Hand—All ready —
waited only for his Arrival — But —*O*

Mon

Mon Dieu! — She died ſuddenly —
Hopes croſs'd — Undone for ever.
As I turn'd from hence,
I heared, as I thought, a Voice, which I pretty well knew:
Nor was I deceived,
For cloſe in a Corner ſate *Bungey*.
'Tis hard to determine which was greateſt
My Rage or the Doctor's Confuſion.
He endeavour'd to excuſe himſelf as well as he could,
But all to no Purpoſe.
Look you, ſaid I,
I now am confirm'd in what I ſuſpected before;
And have found you to be a Wolf in *Sheep's Clothing*.
Nor is it impoſſible,
But you may have your Deſert before *Midſummer*
Beware of a Rope Pendant —
This put the Doctor in a Heat,
And pulling his Handkerchief out of his Boſome,
He moſt unfortunately diſcover'd a Crucifix.

So,

So, ho, says I,
What have we here? *Scoggin's* Flea?
No Excu—? Nothing to say for yourself?
Not many Years since,
Tho' you had openly attacked, reviled, and condemned the Proceedings of *Eighty Eight*,
Yet you publickly own'd,
That you did not Design to have cast an *Odium* upon the *Revolution*;
And why can you not with the same *Front* Affirm,
That you did not intend to make use of these Relicks, or lay 'em so near your Heart?
The World will as soon credit the one as the other.

While I was catechising the Doctor,
In comes the Knight with the ill-favour'd Countenance;
He,
Who when the *Dunkirk*-Memorial was presented, Conti-

Continually wander'd between *Mincing-Lane* and *York-Buildings*.
Ecce iterum Criſpinus, ſays he to the Fryar;
Here's our Friend *Luke*'s 30th of *January* Sermon;
I now have perform'd my Promiſe.
The old Gentleman had never read the Sermon, as he pretended;
I therefore was very much ſurpriz'd to ſee him turn ſo readily to ſeveral particular Paragraphs, which he marked down
And I preſently concluded, that notwithſtanding his Denial,
He had a Hand in making the Sermon,
And had Reaſon to believe, there were as many Perſons concern'd therein,
As in Penning the Speech which the Dr. deliver'd at his Tryal:
And deſigning to have ask'd *Bungey* a Queſtion relating thereto,
I found that the Bird was flown;
And upon Enquiry was told,
That he had ſneaked out of the Room after the ſame manner,
As when he was hiſs'd from St. *James*'s.

The

The Fryar very curteously gave me the Sermon,
Ask'd if I knew the Author,
And desir'd my Opinion of him andh is Writings.
The Author, said I, (if I'm rightly inform'd)
Is sprung from a Race of Dissenters,
Whose Principles you Papists judge to be damnable;
But let 'em be what they will, they were imbib'd by him from his Infancy:
And can a corrupt Tree bring forth good Fruit?
Or,
To use his own Words, which are the first I here cast my Eyes on,
" *Can a clean Thing come out of an Unclean?*
Indeed I must own,
That the Man has a wonderful Talent, and writes with a Spirit.
This Declaration pleas'd the whole Company,
Which they exprels'd,

By

By Nodding their Heads, ſhrugging their Shoulders, and uſing ſeveral other Ridiculous Geſtures.

When I found they had ſwallowed the Bait, like ſo many Gudgeons,

I reſolv'd to let 'em ſee with what they were caught.

Look you, ſaid I, I prithee miſtake me not,

For his Talent lies in Railing, Reviling, and Reproaching.

And when I ſay that he writes with a Spirit,

I mean an unchriſtian Spirit;

A Spirit of Malice, Rancour, Spleen, and Ill-Nature,

And his Words have a double *Entendre*;

All which is a Manifeſtation,

That he was not directed by a Divine Spirit, the Spirit of Truth, Charity and Meekneſs:

In ſhort,

He would be thought Satyrical, but is really Scurrilous;

And like a great many Fools,

He talks without Thinking;

Writes without Reaſon,
And makes a multitude of Words ſupply the Defect of good Senſe.
His partiality is as viſible as his Affectation of being thought skilful in the Oriental Languages.
And leſt his Audience might have miſtaken him,
He reſolved that his Readers ſhould be better inſtructed:
In Order to which,
When he ſpeaks of *Jehoida*'s bringing forth the *Right Heir*,
He takes Care to have theſe Two Words printed in a different Character from the Reſt,
That the World may ſee what he drives at.
Here I was interrupted by a young *Benedictine*,
Who ask'd me, *How I cou'd judge ſo raſhly?*
To which I reply'd,
That which you Charge upon me, may with much more Equity be turn'd upon you,
For I aſſure you I have peruſed this Sermon,

this Offspring of many Fathers,
And therefore ſpake not at Random,
For I had one of 'em ſent me, the Day it was printed.

A Gentleman who ſate by the Fire-ſide,
deſired I would permit him to treat me
with a Dram,
Timeo Danos, ſays he, *& Dona ferentes*
For to tell you the Truth,
I fear'd he might play me an *Italian* Trick,
knowing my Diſcourſe had provok'd
him;
And to give him a Hint, that I had ſeen
him put ſomething Extraordinary into
the Glaſs,
I told him I had a mortal Averſion to
Jeſuits Powder;
Thus I left 'em a Bone to pick,
And took Coach for the *Royal-Exchange.*

Going through *Pope's-Head Alley*, I'd a
Paper given me;
But believing it to be an Advertiſement
From

From some of the Quacks residing in the
Minories, *Hatton-Garden*, or some of
the Courts about *Fleet-Street*,
And having Occasion to untruss a Point,
I resolved to apply it to its proper Use.
As soon as I had inspected this printed
Half-Sheet, I found that the Title was,
A Defence of the King, &c.
Bless me, said I,
What has his Majesty done to want a
Defence,
Who prov'd himself to be a wise, prudent
and indulgent Monarch?
And, like an honest Physician,
Did plainly demonstrate, even beyond
a Contradiction,
That we were not thoroughly cured of
all our Distempers,
Tho' Part of the Nation imagin'd they
were perfectly Recover'd,
Because they were botch'd up by a Parcel
of State-Quacks,
Little considering;
That *Astringents* being apply'd before the
Peccant Humours were discharg'd,

They

They would, in due Time, like Fire
closely pent up,
Break forth with double Violence:
Well, thought I,
Can he who has dealt with us so fairly,
need a Defence?
Whose Words were like so many Axioms
[*Juâ Luce Clara*] Self-evident, and
as clear as the Sun?
These Considerations led me to see what
could be said on this Subject,
Primo Intuitu, at the very first Sight, I per-
ceiv'd the Fiend with his Cloven-Feet.
He had such a *Corinthian* Countenance,
That I imagin'd it to be some of *Bungey's*
Production;
But Viewing more narrowly the Linea-
ments of his Face,
I found that they nearly resembled *Frank*
Scammony;
And yet some of their Features were not
unlike *Don Amico*, the *Pædagogue*:
And that which confirm'd me in my
Opinion,
Was,

That

That I found the Jeſuit moſt artfully diſplay'd throughout the whole Peice.

It has been the Obſervation of ſeveral Great Men,

That they who are debauch'd in their Principles, will quickly be ſo in their Intellectuals,

Which we find to be true by daily Experience:

For,

We ſee that thoſe *Scaramouches*,

Who Six Years ago were ſuch Zealous Aſſerters of *Paſſive Obedience*,

Are now the perfect Reverſe of what they pretended to be at that Time;

And even the Bell-Weather of thoſe Days Bungey the Doctor, Parſon Bell-Swagger,

Or by what other Name or Title ſoever he is dignify'd or diſtinguiſh'd,

Led the Van;

And was the firſt who ſtood in Oppoſition to Royal Authority;

Let his Behaviour when St. *G—ge*'s Chappel was to be made a Pariſh-Church,

And

And the Perkinite Endeavours of the
whole Party be Witneſs herein.
Since then their Principles are become ſo
corrupt,
How can we expect their Judgments to
be ſound?
And yet they ſet up for Men of the
beſt Underſtanding,
Which they have juſtly forfeited to every
unprejudiced Perſon.
Can any Thing be more abſur'd than to
cry up the Pamphlet, I juſt now men-
tion'd,
For a Maſter-Piece of Wit and Satyr?
'Tis a Sign they are little acquainted with
either;
The Buſineſs of Satyr is to expoſe the
Vice and Folly of the Age;
But he who attacks and endeavours to
maim the Reputation of any one,
Ceaſes to play the Satyriſt,
And may be truly ſaid to act *extra Officium.*
And he is the Legitimate Offspring of
Envy,
Who ſtrives to ſully and blacken, and

falſely

falſely arraign thoſe Vertues and Qualifications in others,
Which he cannot attain to himſelf.
This is the Caſe of the Author or Authors of *A Defence of the King*, &c.
Which is a Scurrilous Tract;
A Compoſition made up, a numerous Train of Falſities, Malice and Defamation.
Where's the Allegiance of thoſe wou'd-be-thought Loyal Subjects?
Who fling Dirt in the Face of Majeſty, and wound their Sovereign thro' the Sides of his Miniſters.
To ſpeak to the Libel, Paragraph by Paragraph;
Wou'd Anſwer the Ends of the Party,
Which is neither ſafe nor proper to be done.
Let it ſuffice to ſay,
That the principal Deſign therein,
Is to caſt an Odium upon the King and his Miniſtry, and to juſtify the Proceedings of thoſe Traytors,

Who

Who would have ſold us into *Egyptian* Bondage, and have ſacrific'd their Country to their vile inſatiable Avarice and Ambition.

But the Efforts made uſe of, are impotent, and not able to accompliſh the one or the other;

But like a Bow that is over-ſtrained,
The Arrow retorts upon him that drew it.

If this Scandalous Peice, entitled,
A Defence of the King, &c.
Could be juſtify'd,
Why ſhould the Party diſperſe it clandeſtinely?

This is an Objection that cannot be eaſily anſwer'd,
Except they will ſay,
They'r afraid of being puniſh'd, Right or Wrong.

A Method, I needs muſt confeſs,
Which was frequently practis'd by the late Miniſtry;
But there's no Ground to ſuſpect it in this.
For they are careful to avoid the Foot-ſteps of their Predeceſſors;

Becauſe,
They ſaw that they tended to deſtruction.
Phyſicians do tell us,
The Plague is a Diſtemper of that Malignant Influence upon the Spirits,
That it not only endangers the Life of thoſe who have it,
But it alſo makes them deſirous to ſpread the Infection.
From hence I conclude,
That Phyſick is not altogether Gueſs Work, as ſome People have offer'd to perſuade us:
For we plainly perceive,
That the Outed-Party do juſtly lie under an Obloquy and Diſgrace,
And are branded with indelible Marks of Infamy,
Which they endeavour to caſt upon thoſe who are Innocent.
And herein they act like Fiends of Infernal Darkneſs,
Who ſtrive to involve thoſe that are free,
In the ſame Bonds, from whence they themſelves can never Eſcape.

When

When a Party has Recourſe to Lies and Forgery, Tricks and Artifice,
It is a certain Sign of its being in a Languiſhing Condition;
And truly, the ſooner it Expires,
The more 'twil conduce to the Tranquility of theſe Realms.
Now,
As the malevolent Party among us, has all the Symptoms juſt now recited,
I am in very good Hopes it will quickly make its Exit:
For,
As I doubt not, but their Principles and Ring-Leaders, will, in due Time, be brought to condign Puniſhment.
The Monſter muſt of Neceſſity fall to the Ground,
For what Body can exiſt that has not a Head?
The Reflections caſt upon my Lord *T—nd*, are as notoriouſly falſe,
As thoſe which are obliquely levell'd at the Ro—l Family are Scandalous and Impudent.

Every

Every one knows with what Prudence that Minister assisted at *Gertruydenberg*;
Not to mention the manifold Services he has since then done his Country.
It is true, he was censur'd by some, who discover'd their Party-Partiality;
Which,
To their great Mortification,
Establish'd him in the good Opinion of all unbias'd, disinterested Persons;
While they who were digging a Pit for this Loyal Peer,
Fell into it themselves.
If he had done ought that was culpable, why did they not punish him according to his Demerit?
But he knew himself Innocent,
And consequently scorn'd to fly,
Which is more than can be said of a certain fugitive Lord, the Party's Idol, and boasted Champion.

POST

POSTSCRIPT.

THE Libel concludes with a Tacit and Presumptuous Reflection on the King.

But let me tell you,

It is imprudent to hallow, before you get out of the Wood,

Ye cannot as yet,

And I believe you will never be able to tax him with a Breach of his Ro—l Word.

I wish I could say as much for a Monarch lately deceas'd.

Not but I must do this Justice to the Memory of the Dead,

That the Measures with which that Prince did comply,

I verily believe were not the Sentiments of the Heart,

But that the Insolence of an haughty, imperious Junto,

Extorted

Extorted a Compliance.
A Junto,
Made up of Four ſuch Quacks, as the World could not produce their Equals.
The firſt,
Was a backward and forward Gentleman,
One, who would ſail with every Wind;
Who would go to Church in a Morning, and to Meeting in the Afternoon:
Who was Whig one Day, and Tory the next;
And at the ſame Time that he ſeem'd zealous for the Intereſt of the Proteſtant Cauſe,
Held Correſpondence with its profeſs'd Enemies;
Nor cared he who came to the Throne, the Houſe of *Ha——r* or *Perkin.*
Next to this *to* and *again* Conjurer,
A *Tory-Whoremonger* took Place:
One,
Who for a Maidenhead,

Would

Would Sacrifice his Religion and Country, his Friends and Relations, his Soul and his Body.

Under him was the Blind-Eye of the Law,
Who, tho' he could not ſee,
Yet he could handle a Bribe,
And thought that the Defect of his Sight may prove a ſufficient Plea for his irregular Practice.

To make up the Farce,
A *She-Quack* was admitted;
A Female of prodigious Qualities, and unknown Virtues:
Who, to ſupport her upſtart Grandeur,
Bullied and plunder'd her Miſtriſs;
And following the Directions of the Three *Sham-Doctors*,
Help'd to poyſon our Conſtitution, and enflamed the *Politick-Body*.

Thus we were well nigh ruin'd,

When

When *somebody* was ſent into the other
World, God knows *how* or after
what *manner*.
But Heaven beheld that we were not
all Traytors and Murderers,
And therefore did ſend us a Skilful
Phyſician.

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